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Loretta Gets Toreador Pants

Connie Wieneke

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Loretta Gets Toreador Pants

Like Oni had known me all my life,
the first time he gave me yellow toreadors,
pants tight as spring buds, trimmed
with black ric-rac but flaring to open.
In Oni's eyes and the Amoco mirror,
I liked the way his gift of painted skin
rounded my family's tame thighs.
I was still green, at the center
stretching to prove my mother's words right.
"Slut," she'd said, and I was
"looking for Trouble with a capital T."

When Oni spoke his name rolled between
lips and teeth, a sharp cinnamon breath mowing
my ready lawn. When he said my name
Loretta spilled out
a song I'd been wanting to hear,
a country I'd been wanting to see
explored. A dream picking me up,
he twirled me, a baton
over chainlink fences and playground swingsets.
He carried me into a bar,
whose silent faces yelled, "Hey, Wetback,
where's your green card?" And Oni came back

at them, his pockets empty, hands and smile widening,
por favor. No preguntas, if you please.

Only the joke was on them. Hey, Amigos,
he was not asking. I settled myself,
the wings of his shoulders,
thinking we could protect each other:
a gold saint's medal to bless his skin,
a thick brown song to cover my femaleness.

Que sueno

what innocence.